

THE
PETTICOAT:



Herai-Comical POEM.

In Two BOOKS.

Price One Shilling.





THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
HEROI - COMICAL
P O E M.

In Two BOOKS.

By Mr. G A T. *(Jas) Haden*

Dux Femina Facti. Virg.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.



L O N D O N:

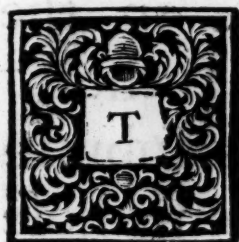
Printed for R. BURLEIGH in *Amen Corner,*
MDCCXVI.





TO THE
LADIES.

LADIES,



THE Invention of the
FAN, and the PAT-
TIN*, having gain'd
your approbation, I
hope this of the HOOP-PETTI-

* See TRIVIA.

COAT,

learn; tho' I fear no Judges
to little as our best Poets who
are most sensible of the Weight
of this Task, As for the World,
whatever they shall please to
say, they may give me some
Concern as they are unhappy
Men, but none as they are
malignant Writers.

Your very humble Servant,

JOSEPH GAY.

P

See
An

S

An
To



THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
Heroi-Comical POEM.

BOOK I.

*Sed me vel Tellus optem Prius Ima dehiscat;
Ante, Pudor! quam te Violo, aut tua Jura resolvo. Virg.*

S Ince in such odd Fantastick Times as these,
All Female Toys the roving Fancy please,
APOLLO thinks his Servants much to blame,
To let the FAN exceed the Rest in Fame;

B

With

With Gen'rous Rage inflames th' aspiring Muse,
 And warns her Now a loftier Theme to chuse:
 The God prescribes the Object of my Praise,
 And what the God directs, the Bard obeys.

Begin my Muse, and sing in *Epick* Strain
 The PETTICOAT; (nor shalt thou sing in vain,
 The PETTICOAT will sure reward thy Pain!) }
 Proceed its various Beauties to display,
 And set its *Circling Charms* in full Array;
 Say whence its wond'rous Origin it drew,
 Then spread the Wide-stretch'd PETTICOAT to
 Not that which is by Rural Damsels worn, ^{[view:}
 Not that which Modern Milk-Maids does adorn,
 These may be Grasped by ev'ry Grubstreet Muse;
 But mine, through nobler Paths, a nobler End
[pursues.
 Rais'd

Rais'd by my FLORA'S Love, aloft I soar,
 And swell with Hopes to reach the distant Shore!
 Nor can I of the wish'd Success despair,
 Since Heav'n protects the Fav'rites of the Fair:
 Undaunted like the little *Wren* I fly,
 And mount the *Eagle* to ascend the Skie.

Long had young *Thyrsis* the Coy *Chloe* woo'd,
 And, oft repuls'd, unwearied still pursu'd,
 Till pitying *Cupid* sent a timely Dart,
 To fire with equal warmth the Fair-One's Heart;
 That she, who had so long with proud Disdain,
 Refus'd the Offerings of her humble Swain,
 Might late, Convinc'd by sad Experience prove
 Resistance vain against the Pow'r of Love.

Alas! how soon the wond'rous Change she
 How soon she finds her Resolution melt? ^[felt?]
 Her beating Heart with doubtful Ardour burns,
 And Modesty and Love prevail by Turns ;
 Her Redden'd Checks with conscious Blushes
 Her wanton Looks, her wanton Wishes show; ^{[glow,}
 Her Heaving Breasts with rising Passions swell,
 And Silence speaks what Words want Pow'r to
 Sleep shun'd her Eyes, her Soul abandon'd Rest, ^{[tell;}
 And Love and *Thyrsis* ev'ry Look confest.

Whilst *Thyrsis* gaz'd with Transport on her Face,
 He saw Compassion by Degrees take place.
 He saw----and thought the Alteration strange ;
 But well he knew the Sex were prone to change ;

Ready

Ready to seize his Long-despair'd of Prize,
 With more than Mortal Extacy he flies,
 And youthful Fury sparkles in his Eyes.

}
 }

She fled: --- He like *Apollo* chas'd the Fair;
 The Fair to shun him took not *Daphne's* Care:
 With swiftest Speed at first she scours the Field,
 And flying, seems as half averse to Yield;
 The wanton Winds her Snowy Limbs expose,
 And at each Blast unlook'd-for Charms disclose,
 Each well-turn'd Leg attracts the Lover's Eyes,
 And the Nymph seems more beauteous as she flies:
 But now, with short fetch'd steps she moves
 Her panting Sides her slacken'd Paces show;
 [more slow,
 Back on the Swain she looks---She trips; She falls,
 And, falling, on her much lov'd *Thyrsis* calls:

Thyrsis

Thyrsis was ready at his *Chloe's* Call,
 And clasp'd her fast, and sav'd her from her Fall :
 With trembling haste into his Arms she flies,
 And Heart meets Heart till each in Transport dies.
 Thus *Eve* with ardent Love *Embracing lean'd*
On our first Father, Eager prest his Hand;
 Whilst He impatient Cloas'd her in his Arms,
 Fir'd with her Beauty and *Submissive Charms*,
 Till on the Mossy Bank they fainting lay,
 And both dissolv'd in floods of Bliss away.

But ah ! Such momentary Joys are vain,
 And present Pleasure leads to future Pain :
 That little Taste of vain Delight has cost
 The brightest Gem, the fairest Nymph could boast.

Nor

Nor was the Loss her greatest Cause of Grief,
 (Since that in time might find a sure Relief,)
 But what was worse, the dreaded Symptoms
 Which would to all the World the Slip proclaim.^{[came,}

Tho' needful they, for Looks her Shame confess,
 And ev'ry prying Eye the Fault might guess;
 With Shame she now avoids the conscious Grove,
 (The silent Witness of her fatal Love:)

The Grand Cabal she now frequents no more,
 Or comes the last, who went the first before;
 That Charming Voice that ravish'd ev'ry Swain,
 The Joy and Wonder of the Neighb'ring Plain,
 No more from Repartee Applause demands,
 But Grief all Utterance of Words withstands:

In Sighs and Silence now she wastes the Time,
Tokens sufficient to divulge her Crime!

If Nymphs less Chast than these compos'd the
If Nymphs so Chast, admitted Thoughts prophane! ^{[Train!}

Yet some, 'tis said, by shrewd Suspicious guest;
(For some are still more knowing than the rest,)
And guest alas too well! but these, 'tis thought,
By dear Experience had their Wisdom bought.

Around the Circle soon the Whisper flew,
Those spoke the first, who thought the most they
Strait ev'ry piercing Eye observes the Dame, ^{[knew;}
In vain with Smiles she would conceal her Shame:
Her Eyes still redden with the Tears she spilt;
Her Bosom heaves, too conscious of her Guilt;

'They

They saw new signs, they ne'er discern'd before,
 And each they saw, they made a thousand more.
 The more observ'd, the more her Looks reveal
 The fatal Secret, which they should conceal.

With timely Caution she avoids their sight,
 And seeks for shelter in the shades of Night.
 There mourns in secret the sad Doom, she thought,
 Too *great* a Penance for so *slight* a Fault.
 Long the big Passion burnt within her Breast,
 At length her Rage in Words like these express'd.
 And must I tamely bear this foul Disgrace?
 This open Insult offer'd to my Face?
 No--- E'er I do, the Sun shall lose his Light,
 And plunge the Day in Seas of endless Night:
 First shall each Atom of Creation jar,
 And kindling Elements light up Eternal War.

What ! shall the saucy *Prudes* presume to boast,
That they possess the Jewel I have lost ?

Whilst I, (my fatal Folly seen too late,) }
Like Angels fal'n, deplore my wretched Fate, }
Curse what I feel, and bless my former State. }

She said--and strait to her Lov'd THYRSIS goes,
THYRSIS had now a sweet Retirement chose ;
With Industry and Care compos'd a Grove,
And laid the Scene of all his future Love.
A shady Verdant Walk the Entrance grac'd,
Of Yew and Holly in nice Order plac'd ;
Down whose Descent the Eye might far pursue
A dubious Prospect, that deceiv'd the View ;
The op'ning Scene the gazing Eye employs,
And by degrees prepares it for Surprise.

A fragrant *Bow'r* its head at distance rears,
 And now in full Perfection it appears ;
 Its sides with interwoven Woodbines rose,
 The Chequer'd Ground with various Daisies glows,
 Here Red, there White, in Party-colour'd Dress,
 Which ev'ry where did CHLOE'S Name express.
 A *Myrtle* at each Corner, rais'd its Head,
 Which spread o'er all the Bow'r a grateful Shade,
 The *Palm* and spreading *Laurel* kindly close,
 And the Arch'd Roof in *Woven Shade* compose.

The sinking *Sun* in *Western* Isles appear'd,
 And now the Shepherd folds his wandring Herd ;
 Now flow'ry Meads with falling Dews grew wet,
 And length'ning Shadows shew'd him almost set :

When CHLOE to this New-form'd *Eden* came,
 To seek the hapless Author of her Shame ;
 At length, arriv'd, she speeds her eager Pace,
 And views unmov'd the Pleasures of the Place.
 Strait onward to the Bow'r pursues her way,
 And meets no Object to induce her stay ;
 The rural Scenes exert their Charms in vain,
 Tho' sure they might, if ought could ease her Pain.
 At last her THYRSIS the fair Mourner found
 Supine in Slumber stretch'd upon the Ground.
 With Gentle Voice, Awake ! Awake ! she cries,
 Oh could such happy Slumbers seal my Eyes !
 Could I, like Thee, secure from anxious Thought,
 Enjoy the Pleasure and forget the Fault !
 But all the Ease my Rigid Fates allow,
 I seek in Thee, the Cause of all my Woe.

The

The Swain surpriz'd to see the Nymph so near,
 Rises to Welcome, and to chear the Fair ;
 With soothing Tales of Love, the Artful Boy
 Excites the Virgin to repeat the Joy :
 The Fair reclining on his guilty Breast,
 In Words like these her growing Grievs exprest.
 Fond Youth! Alas in vain thou striv'st to ease
 My troubled Mind, and lull my Soul to Peace.
 Whilst hapless I am scoff'd by ev'ry *Prude*,
 Whose Vertue makes her Insolent, and Rude,
 Cruel! Unkind--- No more her Breath supply'd,
 And flagging Nature for a Moment dy'd.
 The frighted Youth with tender Care convey'd
 Within the fragrant Bow'r the fainting Maid.

There

There each restoring Scent apply'd with Care,
And wak'd to Life the sad repining Fair.

Then lowly Prostrate He to *Venus* falls,
And thus the Aid of Beauty's Goddess calls.

Oh Potent QUEEN who rul'st Love's awful
And shar'st the Kingdom with thy mighty Son! ^{[Throne,}
Oh think what Shame thy conscious Guilt confess,
Oh think what Indignation fir'd thy Breast,
When limping VULCAN in his Net enclos'd
The God of War, and Thee, and to all Heav'n
From thence some Pity Bounteous Goddess fend; ^{[expos'd}
And with thy gentle Aid a Nymph befriend.
If e'er true Lovers thy Protection claim,
Let not one Slip for ever blast her Fame;

How

How dear alas! are Worldly Pleasures bought,
If such a Price must pay so sweet a Fault?
How can weak Woman's strength sufficient prove
To stem the Torrent of Ungovern'd Love?
Since Gods themselves his Pow'r Superior own,
And for a Mortal's Bed, resign their Heav'nly
[Throne!

Say then, Oh QUEEN! for thou alone canst tell
What lucky Thought may CHLOE's Shame conceal.
In happy Time some new Device erect,
And yielding Maids from Scandal's Breath protect!

He pray'd--- But VENUS heard not half his
Or, had she heard, she could not ease his Care;
Th' Immortal in the self-same Snare was caught,
And, though a Goddess, err'd If Love's a Fault?

ADONIS

ADONIS now does all Her Thoughts employ;
And Heav'n without ADONIS yields no Joy.

Déjected THYRSIS in despair return'd,
His Pray'r unheard, with pensive CHLOE mourn'd.
The Nymph enrag'd to think the Suit denied,
Resolv'd to use all means that could be tried ;
With Female, (not Inferior,) Pow'r to show
What, at a Pinch, a Womans's Wit can do.
Strait home she goes, and *Betty* calls in haste,
(The Virtuous *Betty*, as her Mistress Chast !)
To fetch the several Necessary Tools
Ordain'd by Custom, or prescrib'd by Rules.
E'er yet the Handmaid had her Cargo brought,
The Work was Perfect in her Fancy wrought,

With

With pleasing Hopes she fed her ravish'd Mind,
 And thought she view'd what was but yet design'd:
 Officious *Betty* soon to Sight appears,
 And grows beneath the heavy Weight she bears,
 The ample Table then before her spread,
 Each Female Trinket was in order laid.

Here, Rows of Pins, of various sort and size,
 Stood fix'd on Paper stain'd with Crimfon Dies;
 The Scizzars here, and there the Needles lay,
 And Shades of different Silks confus'dly gay;
 The Thimble here, with many a Story wrought
 Of Nymphs by cunning to Compliance brought;
 CALISTO here, without her Quiver's seen,
 Stretch'd at her Ease upon the flow'ry Green.

D

Whilst

Whilst Lustful Jove assumes DIANA's Shape,
 And in a PETTICOAT conceals his *Rape* :
 With Look Demure, He thus accosts the Maid,
 With specious Shew of Modesty betray'd,
 What Woods, Oh Nymph ! cold Thee so long
 Thou best belov'd of all my Num'rous Train !
 To whom the Nymph : — Hail Goddess more
 Than Jove himself ! — Jove laught at what
 And saw *himself* before *himself* prefer'd ;
 With more than Female Warmth the Nymph
 And eager Kisses on her Lips impress'd :
 The Nymph resisted all that Woman cou'd ;
 But what avails the Pow'r of Flesh and Blood,
 Oppos'd against the Vigour of a God ?

Here

Here a white *Bull* the wily God appears,
 And 'midst the Herd his curling Forehead rears ;
 EUROPA to a Man the *Brute* prefer'd,
 And wish'd her self a Heifer in the Herd :
 To feed her much lov'd, the Grass she pulls,
 And all around the choicest Flow'rs she culls ;
 Whilst He, with frisking Leaps, around her plays,
 And tho' a Beast, a Heav'nly Form displays.
 A-while at Distance stood the Cautious Dame,
 Tho' Fears were needless — for her *Bull* was tame !
 Grown bolder now, she strokes his snowy Sides,
 And last, with Manly Grace the God bestrides :
 The God impatient, plunges in the Sea,
 And bears the beauteous trembling Prize away.

The stiffen'd Canvas, now, the Nymph displays,
 The stiffen'd Canvas, yet, the Touch obeys ;
 Now Ribs of Whale, with artful Care she bends,
 And Each in its adapted Place extends :
 The Whalebones spread the swelling Canvas wide,
 And stretch'd their stubborn Lengths from Side
 No more was wanting but the Needle's Aid,
 Which *Betty* to her skilful Hand convey'd ;
 That want supply'd, the Dame her work pursued,
 Fix'd all she form'd, and all she fix'd review'd,
 Till now the Work was to Perfection brought,
 And Use and Beauty center'd in the 'COAT.



3

[illegible]

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE



E

Omne tu

T

The ea

And to



THE
PETTICOAT:
AN
Heroi-Comical P O E M.

BOOK II.

Omne tulit punctum quæ miscuit Utile Dulci. Hor.

THE ruddy Morn had now repell'd the Night,
And Darknefs fled before the Dawn of Light;
The early *Lark* ascends with daring Wings,
And to the *Sun* her Morning Anthem sings ;

The

The Mifty Dews from Fenny Marshes rise,
 And waking Peasants rub their half-shut Eyes:
 When restless CHLOE threw her Curtains by,
 To see if Day appear'd in *Eastern* Skie;
 With Joy she saw, and pull'd the tinkling Bell,
 This *Betty* heard, and knew the Signal well;
 Yet wonder'd at the unexpected Chime,
 Six tedious Hours before 'twas Breakfast-Time;
 She thought some Frenzy, sure, had seiz'd the
 Then turn'd her round, and thought it but a ^{[Dame}
 Her heavy Eyes again in Slumbers cloas'd, ^{[Dream}
 And ev'ry drowsy Faculty compos'd:
 When fresh Alarms th' astonish'd Ear confound
 And loud repeated Peals again resound;
 Now, some short time in Yawning spent, she
 And in a Hurry huddled on her Cloaths; ^{[rose,}

Then

Then, breathless, to her Lady's Room she flies,
 And Ent'ring, *Madam, did you Call?* she cries:
 I scarce could trust my Senses, as they say,
 To hear you stirring when 'twas hardly day;
 Who'd think your Ladyship should Rise so soon,
 When 'twas but Yesterday you Lay till Noon?
 Bless me! 'twould frighten any Flesh alive,
 It wants, at least, a Quarter now of Five!

Impatient CHLOE quits her *needful* Rest,
 Of ev'ry Earthly Good she thinks possest:
 (Oh Sex for ever blind to future Fate,
 Whom *trivial* Griefs *depress*, and *trivial* Joys
 Eager to meet the Grand Cabal again, ^[elate!]
 She waits the wasting of the Time in pain,

Attentive to the beating Watch appears,
 And ev'ry Minute, ev'ry Second, hears :
 When now, the Warning told the Hour's approach,
Betty's dispatch'd to *Robin* for the Coach.

But how Cross Fate does our Designs prevent,
 By some unlook'd for, Luckless Accident ?
 No sooner did she at the Coach arrive,
 And Orders gave to *Robin* where to drive,
 But found, (Oh fatal Chance !) yet found too late,
 The PETTICOAT too Wide, the Door too Strait :
 Entrance, by Force, she oft attempts to gain,
Betty's assistance too she calls in vain,
 The stubborn Whalebone bears her back again.
 Vex'd at the Baulk, on Foot she trips her way,
 For Woman's Will admits of no Delay :

On

On either Side, a faithful Slave attends,
And Safe from Harms the PETTICOAT defends.

The Nymphs assembled, now in Council sate,
To fix some weighty Matters in Debate ;
When CHLOE, in this spacious Garb array'd,
(No longer now of prying Eyes afraid,)
Advanc'd with Solemn Pace and graceful Mien,
Whilst various Zephyrs swell the new *Machine* :
With Art, each Fold disposes in its place,
And smooths each Wrinkle with becoming Grace ;
Then thus, with Decent Pride her Silence broke,
The Dames attentive listen'd whilst she spoke :

Ye Nymphs ! who make it your peculiar Care,
With useful Precepts to instruct the Fair,

To use each Artifice that *Woman* can,
 Against the bold encroaching Creature *Man*;
 Behold this Work, whose Praise I justly claim,
 And make, Unrival'd, this Pretence to Fame;
 In vain you bid the tow'ring Head ascend,
 By various Rows of stiffning Wire sustain'd,
 Unless, by this, you Guard the lighter Part,
 Which, weak by Nature, needs the help of Art;
 All Ages past are with Examples fraught,
 And long Experience has this Lesson taught ;
 The firmest Superstructure must decay,
 When e'er the solid Basis sinks away ;
 A May-Pole will not like a Church endure,
 And Ships without their Ballast never Sail secure.

This

This Doctrine ev'ry prudent Nymph allow'd,
 And joint Applauses eccho'd from the Crowd :
 As when, the Glory of the Tragick Scene,
 The Manly BOOTH, in Majesty serene,
 Attracts the pleas'd Spectators ravish'd Ears,
 And seems to Be, the CATO he appears ;
 At ev'ry Pause, resounding Shouts prevail,
 And often stop, and interrupt his Tale.

Again, th' Exalted Dame her Speech renews,
 Resumes the Word, and Learnedly pursues ;
 Let DIDO's Stratagem be hence forgot,
 And to her Memory no Praise allot,
 For were the Fair to purchase *Carthage* now,
 The Bull's-Hide Trick they'd wholly disallow,

And

And make their Bargain, but for so much Ground,
 As this *Capacious Hoop* might compass round.
 The *Fardingal*, for baser Ends design'd,
 To hide the growing Shame of Nymphs too kind,
 Will now ('tis hop'd) its vain Pretensions quit,
 And to a Work like this, Compleat, submit.

She ceas'd: Fair CHLORIS next discharg'd
 And in persuasive Accents thus began;
 Men are of late so proud and saucy grown,
 They dare for ev'ry Nymph a Passion own,
 And from a Civil Answer, brag of Favours
 If they exceed Good Manners, and Decorum,
 They think, Dear Souls! that we must needs
 And that the Sex was made to fall before 'em.

Should

Should now, by Chance, (for Flesh we know is
Some fav'rite Fop above the rest prevail ; ^[frail,]

Admit the very worst that Men can boast,
We need but keep our Counsel at the most,
This *New Machine* a sure Defence shall prove,
And guard us All against the Harms of Love.
As the fierce *Porcupine*, whom Nature Arms,
Abroad securely Preys, nor dreads Alarms,
But whenfoe'er th' approaching Foe she spies,
To meet the Foe the bristled Monster flies ;
Quick from her Back she calls a Wood of Quills,
Which darting forth, whoe'er she hits, she kills :
So might the Fair, thus arm'd, remain secure,
And brave the Dangers which they shun'd before,
Safe in their Ramparts all Assaults defie,
And dare the Efforts of the Enemy.

She

She said, and fate: and HERCULEA rose,
 (Her the whole Sex had for their Champion chose;)

Nature at first her Soul for Man design'd,
 But by Mistake to Woman's Mold confin'd:
 Her Mien was Masculine, and Manly Grace,
 And more than Female Boldness flush'd her Face.
 Applauding Murmurs round the Circle ran,
 When with disdainful Smiles she thus began:
 The Use of Art, should Nature chance to fail,
 I own is Good, and may like that prevail;
 But surely none to use base Arts will yield,
 Till by decay of Nature's Force compell'd;
 By Art we're taught the *Flutt'ring* FAN to hold,
 Whilst Love in Ambush lies in ev'ry Fold;

Al-

Already we have shewn *the Shoulders bare*,
 And panting Breasts expos'd to open Air ;
 And shall we now let ev'ry Coxcomb see,
 At ev'ry blast of Wind, the *Naked Knee* ?
 Oh Nymphs, for shame, such trifling Arts de-
 Each Fop will find the Cause of this Design, ^{[cline,}
 And, fraught with Impudence, the Guard bear ^{[down,}
 Then with Disdain refuse the Conquer'd Town.
 Trust your own Charms, let Nature give Sur-
 The *Porcupine* less store of Darts supplies, ^{[prize;}
 Than *Cupid* shafts from ev'ry Female's Eyes.
 In musty Records we have Stories told,
 Of *Troy's* Defeat by Stratagem, of Old,
 Yet sure Defect of Courage does it show,
 To take Advantage of a weaker Foe :

What Hero to such Tricks would have recourse?
 Troy should have stood, if not reduc'd by Force.
 She spoke --- the dire Contagion quickly spread,
 And *some* were heard to second what she said;
 Of these, whose Satire was from Envy stirr'd,
 The Muse declines the Venom to record.

When each malicious Nymph her Faults had
 The Learn'd AURELIA last survey'd it round;
 AURELIA, vers'd in ev'ry Female Art,
 With piercing Eyes examin'd ev'ry part;
 Each Curious Fold laid open to the view,
 Each Curious Fold presented something New;
 She paus'd, and Thought her Admiration rais'd,
 Review'd it all, and all she view'd, she prais'd;

Nor

Nor gave her Praise without the justest Cause;
 Yet scatter'd Censure midst of her Applause.
 Up rose the *Prude*, and with a Look serene,
 Display'd to all the Circle the Machine;
 View here, (she cry'd,) what CHLOE'S Art has
 This Work may sure for former Faults atone;
 Her tedious Absence pleads a just excuse,
 Whose private Labours turn to publick Use.
 In this the Master-strokes of Art behold,
 Great the Invention, as the Work is bold!
 Should now Good natur'd Nymphs, (which
 To Grant too early Favours condescend;
 See here, the happy means propos'd to shun,
 The Fatal Danger, when the Fault is done.
 Had CHLOE'S Self,—but let none hence infer,
 That Virtue so severe as her's could err!

Had she, in Need, devis'd this rare Machine,
 Untouch'd, as now, her Chastity had been:
 Let no Coy Nymphs of Remedy despair,
 Contrivance is the Province of the Fair.
 Secure from Censure, let each dauntless Maid,
 Rush to the Field, and find a ready Aid;
 Let no vain Fears of future Ills detain,
 The Lovesick Virgin from the Longing Swain,
 Scandal no more shall blast the Damsel's Name,
 Safe in this Covert, shall remain her Fame,
 And *Yield*, or *not*, for ever be the same.
 Unharm'd by Love, each Nymph shall now ap-
 Nor Shame henceforth restrain the Willing Fair.
 Sure, first, some Grateful Youth, to ease the Dame,
 That kindly Yielded to reward his Flame,

In

In happy Hour, this Lucky Hint supply'd :
 Or Bridegroom, pitying his too bashful Bride,
 Devis'd this Whim, the Fair One to allure,
 That, sooth'd with hopes of such a seeming Cure,
 Fearless, she might the dang'rous Bliss endure.

So valiant AJAX with large Promise fed
 The Youthful TEUCER, and to Battle led :
 But when the Thunder of the War grew loud,
 Himself, protected from the Hostile Crowd,
 His ample Target to the Warrior lent,
 In time of Need, his Danger to prevent :
 The youthful TEUCER this *Asylum* chose,
 And dar'd, Secure, the thickest of his Foes ;
 AURELIA spoke — the rest her Words rever'd,
 And all around their mingled Shouts were heard.

Where

Where Praise so just is due, the Grateful Muse,
 Disdains her humble Tribute to refuse;
 Hail *Spacious Canopy*, spread Heav'nly wide!
 What Wonders dost thou *show*, what Wonders
 Could I but half thy num'rous Beauties tell, ^[hide?]
 For ever on the Lovely Theme I'd dwell.
 The *Canvas* here to Nobler Use apply'd,
 Shall spread its ample Breadth with envy'd Pride;
 Tho' from the *Pencil*, first, it gain'd a Name,
 The Fair have rais'd it to superior Fame.

This Praise, Illustrious Nymph! be justly thine,
 This Work alone, proclaims thy Pow'r Divine,
 VENUS no more shall o'er the Sex preside,
 But all adore, who all defects can hide.

To teach these Am'rous Faults, be her's alone,
 All Woman-kind the Deity shall own,
 That did the Means to cover them make known.
 Thy Matchless Fame for ever shall survive,
 Who didst so quickly such a Work contrive,
 Leapt thus the World to Being at a Call,
 And JOVE'S Almighty FIAT form'd the Ball.

The Senate now adjourn'd, the Dames decree,
 The Matchless CHLOE shall their Leader be ;
 The Matchless CHLOE now accepts the place,
 And moves the foremost, with Majestick Grace;
 The spacious PETTICOAT, in bright Array,
 Like the tall Ship, does all its Pride display,
 Swells with full Gales, and sweeps along the
 [way.

F I N I S.

(177)

March 1875. The first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the



the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

the first of the series of the

